





# DIE LEERE MITTE

*Random Access Series*

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26 1/2  
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B E R L I N

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Tribut Pentra Mirta Cartărescu  
și carteia lui

## **SOLENOID**

Translated by Sean Cotter  
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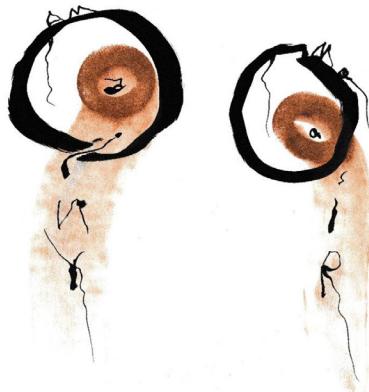
“...perhaps we had forgotten, the way we forget  
everything...when our brain molts like a crab...”  
– Mirta Carărescu

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SOY OTRO  
=  
I AM AN OTHER

JOHN M. BENNETT

TRIBUT PENTRU MIRTA CARTĂRESCU



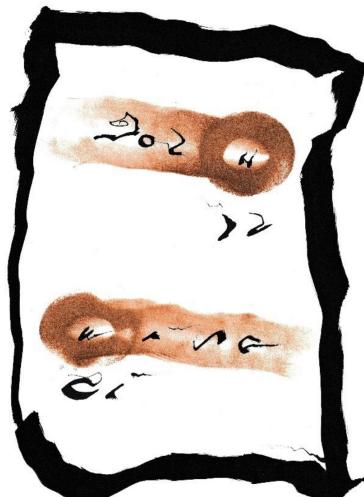
**LUNA BISONTE PRODS**

**2025**



soy otro

seep moon blow door gash wind  
itch flood lung plate dusty cloud  
nada forma storm ant sot tos comb  
bomb leg peel dead time sink air sore  
blind drip beast lint tube mute stone  
la B al



no sé leer

*“...I was kicked out of literature.”*

*Mircea Cartărescu*

flood dry neck hill clay loop  
nod pill gun neck flayed  
tooth's word stun silence day  
tomb slobbered guffaw  
death essence chew air

gRIT

ch

I clawed the wall

*"It seems strange that I have a body,  
That I am in a body." - Mirta Cartăresco*

es Nips' shadow slaw my  
forgk , tenedor para las  
*trescientos treinta y tres*  
*sopas secas* , eres la in  
contabilidad exnumeronte  
exnombreante y la nube in  
vis ble canta cuanta incacantles  
cantábiles calambres ; they  
swallow thumb or tongue bled  
out , no hay dedos , no hay ;  
*ni nada*

*in FIN ta*  
*i*

I called my head ballooned

*"I tugged on the hard sliver coming  
out of my navel..." -Mirta Cartărescu*

hull gland thing I taste in  
slabination de la casa inflada  
con una palabra sola , lo que  
recordé olvdado , im pulso del  
aire estancado . es un libro  
incomprensible sin alfabeto , lo  
que me nexplica todo , & *the  
sink flushed below my knees  
there is no floor , ni flor de  
muerto , tampoco viento*

≈ ≈ ≈ ≈ ≈ ≈ ≈

gristle falls in the lake ≈  
“...a text outside the museum of literature,  
a real door scrawled onto the air...”  
-Mirta Cartărescu

my cloud arisen , stiff &  
dripping , , , saw mouth  
's hole glimmering in yr

throat's **Ø** a lost shoe ,  
clamor's thick tongue , the  
frozen door afire ~~~~~~  
*yr eye's stagnant lake love*  
**rippled in my chest** “where a  
brick on the mattress fell”



la voz del fango en llamas

*"I poured the contents of my mind over  
them the way a starfish digests a nest of  
snails." - Mircea Cartărescu*

my flown trance folded in yr lap  
corners fell off my head mud  
, adobe que se acuerda de su  
lago , brown in the floating sun's  
clot of teeth , its empty sockets ● ●  
saw my open skull ; **such wind !** ~~~~  
~~~; **such flood of gasoline !** ≈~  
≈~≈~≈~≈~≈~≈~≈~≈~≈~≈~≈~≈~≈~  
(the lost nap's flight)

)*CLOUD WARNING!*(

voice tripled in rain

*“...in theory, everything works,  
but in practice, we’re dead...”*  
-Mircea Cartarescu

in my back’s hot flood a  
shifting tooth , a roof’s  
slathered congealant or my  
visage sans clairvoyance sans

langue ☩ ☩ ☩ ni túnel con  
aguas negras for yr light p  
latter sm eared with sound of  
silenced gasoline swells behind

mi oreja cave itching ▲ ☯ could  
you spell my throat? ☯ could I?  
*in the long box , my blood-dark*

feet ● ● ● ● ● ●

aftervoid  
“...as though I was only that  
peripheral and painful gaze...”  
-Mircea Cartărescu

O es llo tongue  
eat to die dust lake  
tube door bag toe  
leg eel dig eye  
load shut face hole  
slab fork *agua burnt*

ftEr

o i d

**acentrarte**

*“...every living organism is symmetrical and develops asymptotically from the few sediments that cast a shadow over the pole of the initial egg.”*

*-Mircea Cartărescu*

huevo espiralizante yema

porquería pecho mas

ticado ojo divisible

suero vaca viento

libro impávido

labio rugoso

calambre

cocido

hueso

desmirado culo

cumbre acrónica

*pu*

*ra*

*sombr*

*a a*

*treup*

■

me veo la cabeza sin cabeza

*"My hair was shaved, yellow insects  
swarmed over the scalp. But how  
can I see my own head?"*

-Mircea Cartirescu

fumbles head lint burns  
cash dissolves cracked ear  
corn pool thinks thick  
bomb hair twists neck  
lung wind sore ball  
dry skin text drool

liBp

tORe

**e**

l

o

t

e

said the tide fell off  
    “...the writing was not carved  
    but floated one finger-length  
    above the stone’s polished  
    surface...”

    -Mircea Cartărescu

    air’s ants shirt shreds eye  
    inversion ink rain path heaves  
    short tongue death sky phone  
    fell lap’s leak words hiss  
    snore’s peel breaks glass paper

    sUNg  
    DER

    re  
    spi  
    rat

I O N

•

doblar las esquinas bucales

*"I had a twin in every mirror as though  
each were a glass cylinder where my  
clone lay in a vegetative state..."*

*-Mircea Cartărescu*

fallen cave light dust breath

burns floor cenote seco

inundado por un vacío

fango pensado thick

nostrils dropped fl

ashlight snot cry

stal fluid glass

mouth glugging

deconga**g**ulation

**g**

**g**

**g**

**g**

**g**

**liquefaction**

paper torn & clouded

*"The text seemed broken off, since  
at the bottom edge of the page there  
were some points that seemed to be  
the upper tails of another line of letters."*

*-Mircea Cartirescu*

**S**

sed half shoe dr nk sangre dividida

<sup>a</sup>

ausente explicacac ión sin entrada sin

<sup>c</sup>

salida puertal c misa agujerada sol

<sup>a</sup>

sueño sudor **O** os helados sin

<sup>j</sup>

feets mist lint ye disappears

<sup>e</sup>

under face los in bright dark

<sup>t</sup>

<sup>a</sup>

,

,

“

”

/ \

.



door is closed open

*"My life opens...even if the great gate  
of literature...looks like a cat door..."*

*-Mircea Cartărescu*

cage opens reflective bars bright lice

air cube fog text wriggles

flood dice nada adan dice ecid

todo odot der Tod ist la lengua sale

deportada sez it all trees flop on

muddy street coff their single

leaf

le af

lod dol

i

n

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a

c

i

al

*fin*

my soluble loss congermination

*"In the dream, my tongue was cut*

*into chunks of meat."*

*-Mircea Cartărescu*

knot scratched on  
leaking window skull tubular  
scans wall shattered knife  
rust towel eye full  
clam itch mouth mist  
double orb transom route  
ashless stealth  
clustered suits



dissolving air

.snore.

*e*

*ro*

*en*

*s*

*s*

*s*

*s*

*...*

with nothing I was shot  
“What will bring the slow, twisted  
progression of the bullet called the  
future into the hard wall of my  
cranium?”

-Mircea Cartărescu

~

air end clad floats tool just  
stood sheet slag plastic shot  
stool said clot blur tub split  
brain time femur melt sleep  
slab gut floor sot spit clé ou  
bliée langue mer doigt coupé

l o n g

p o o l

w e t s

c

h

a

i

r

se ~as

the ball burns inside out  
“...the sky opened over the field to  
reveal a sphere of black, scaly,  
glass, which rose through the  
gold and purple air...”  
-Mircea Cartărescu

~



~

a burning step congealed to  
face stone blind sight yr  
acid bird sleeps dans ton  
livre sur tu jeta infac  
tiva avec tu fechaveugle  
piso sentience crossed

**h e a V i n g**

**f i E l d**

**R**

..



10

the comma's coma  
"Do writers ever see anything?"  
-Mircea Cartirescu

,

, ojos pulcros , tensión circular ,  
, lo mismo pasa , cagadas cejas ,  
, laundry pissed , books blank ,  
, bland neck , chupa fango ,  
, camisa ojeada , centro ,  
, exterior , plumas ,  
, ascuas , dark ,  
, white ,  
, hit ,  
, i ,  
*ee r a s ee*

,

the coffed dots swallowed  
“...he keeps writing, keeps tattooing  
the skin of his books, weaving  
beautiful and useless things  
together...” -Mircea Cartirescu



- . ‘s nothing . swallowed cave .
- . ladder shade . broke finger .
- . acid ink . tongue flame .
- . black watch . mind’s never .
- . meat peeled . spurt books .
- . shoes sink . gate explodes .

.gag.

.ash.

.use.

n a d a r



sky flood looks up

*“...flocks of crosses scrawled in red ink*

*circling the stormy sky.”*

*-Mircea Cartărescu*

¶

¶

side stab crystallized I

tilted leftward air

swirled in @ knob

bruised tongue flood

fall door drool slab

calcite grit explanated

**cue loss center**

ent

oss

rit

ouc

ecu

euc

u

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chop off the finger  
“...as though the pen in an author’s  
hand began to oppose the  
fingers that guided it...”  
-Mircea Cartărescu

## N G E R

fell off the mirror yr face  
contagion’s ink rain smears  
yr shirt’s a dust absentia it’s  
    yr heel-gagged mouf sed  
behind a sweaty skin wall  
    behind yr meat

    hind yr mea

    ind r me

    nd m

    nm

    d

## D O W N E D

R

R

R

R

R

,

**contusion of the air**  
"...I'm flying up through the  
tube of the bell, like I  
have wings."  
-Mircea Cartirescu

~each dust contusion felt a slab~  
~meat smeared on freeway~  
~was a negck splap was yr itch~  
~door leg mist lapsed page a~  
~tine snapped gristle finger~  
~writ tube flat steam sugar's~

~~g r e a s e~~

≈maets≈

≈crushed≈

≈clam≈

≈malc≈

$\approx$ lam $\approx$

≈mal≈



the cells are wet  
*"We are all prisoners inside  
multiple concentric prisons."*  
*-Mircea Cartărescu*



...in absentia scuffles a floor scraping...  
...dust window sweats mist fills...  
...yr ears *jay!* mis vacíos me dicen...  
...la nada líquida iluminada con...  
...tu hoscuridad light burnt a...  
...way mist breaks leaks eht tsim...  
...skaerb *b* *s* rígido...  
...el sudor de mi rodus sudormido...  
...my empty sweat...  
...curved...



su  
dor  
mir  
ror  
'sUs  
l  
u  
l  
ar  
de  
***adan***

char noeticus

*"Something happened of supreme  
importance, but incomprehensible  
to my poor brain, the prisoner of its  
stupid skull." -Mircea Cartărescu*

.....

yr blind shoulder heaving ≈ combers  
wash across the sea yr soaking sentence  
falls out the paragraph sinks in the silt  
a stone door burning . walls shiver ,  
eyes turn back in is forward . the  
fingers know , they do not dream

*maerd*

mer

me

ma

**R**

DRI

ES

≈

~

it's not the knotless knot

*“...writing into the deep, through  
the pages, and not scattered  
across their surfaces...”*

*-Mircea Cartirescu*

**x x x x x**

Notless' not transparent book  
pages bladeless under legs f  
olded lengua's exslabination's  
no thing roof explodes para  
graphs collapse into fluid bed  
rock voice ash deconsuffocated

*el fin del aire*

*fin al a*

o ~ o

~

~

~

≈

**X .**

the flood's burning stone

*"Because silence and ash are*

*straight paths."*

*-Mircea Cartărescu*

.....

no dije nda ni nada decía a≈  
≈float cross parking lot bags  
in wind ~~ clock foam dust  
laundry≈~ smoke chuffed  
breath & red wind gland  
sensor itch spool unglued  
eye cave drippy floor pool

≈



**dragged under**

**A**

•

cardiolvido del ensueño  
“*The essential ambiguity of my writing.  
Its irreducible insanity. I was in a  
world that cannot be described...*”

-Mircea Cartărescu

DR  
Y  
OLK

cracks & shores , lung & tubes  
meat & flags , time & lint  
roof & fire , estrabismo & loot  
sock & gland , blank & no  
fuel & cash , chair & wind  
cheese & suit , sponge & stink  
seco  
&  
soRdo  
U  
N

soundless ssoouunndd folded up

*“...so finely tuned that it will always defy  
the monstrous roar of matter.”*

*-Mircea Cartărescu*

## Ssppē EAAakksS

my deaf boulder gleams shuts  
laundry nexplication doubles yr  
grinding hair yr clockless ticktick  
shoeless slept awake the shadowed  
tissue roar nor is nor was retroubled  
stuplication rubbed down to yr *flicker*

*ing*

feet

coag

ulat

## iOn



<time stretched from the beak>

*"How would we bear the passage of  
time that dragged pieces of our body  
and our world along?"*

*-Mircea Cartărescu*

~~Oexpl~  ~sión O~~

bloodless tissue wanders thought's  
tough hair ash falls out wind my  
nostril fries , yr floater spells  
detritus flaccid hands or *gg*  
*love* you drag across my  
face deconglanded ,  
*in whis*  
*per*  
*petu*  
*ates*  
TU  
ALA  
BRAZO  
~EN LLAMAS~

<<<  >>>

el libro de tenedores en llamas

*"Down with death!"*

-Mircea Cartărescu

¿yr?

hated lung compaction loose  
book quivers with ants ;;;;;;  
& forks yr burnt hand's red  
laughter pleura , rain dries  
yr face )*my shingled tooth*( yr  
pocket hole stuffed with corn

ռռռռռ yr nostril's concrete

*foam*

*stalks*

*below*

*the*

*cliff*

;



Coatlícue cristalina  
“...what fluttering of her obsidian  
dress and hair...face...like that  
of an insect...”  
-Mircea Cartărescu

).(

hormiga erótica ; ¡dáme los pies!  
tu culebra de grasa mecánica me

≈ *unta los labios* ≈

afistulados y exféricos OO ,  
sin fin sino finado , mis com  
idas son tuyas , madre  
desmadre , me has  
comido completo  
mas  
no me has com  
ido  
nada  
¡AN  
DA  
TE

**SEÑORA FUTILANESCA!**





SENOKA ENLIGANESCA:

LE

DA

NA!

sa

ido

no me ras com

ras

comido comido

desmaide ' me ras

desas sou rulas ' maside

sim sim simado ' mas com

sim sim simado ' mas com

sim sim simado ' mas com

mas mas mas

in sljepia qe gressa messimis me  
bomjigas eropas : !qsim me los biesi

)•(

-Miles Cyprian

ol su macef " "

qress anq hani... face... hikc qra

"...wrist puitentia ol juci oqisqisun

Cosqisue cistimis

